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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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BLIND!!

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

WILL SHORTLY APPEAR:  
PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1884.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

This is an odd year—this one covering the Presidential Campaign—a doubtful, uneasy year—a blurred date on the great calendar of the century. It is a year when Enterprise hesitates, when Business grows cautious, when even Speculation loses its assurance. It is a quadrennial curse to the country. This time it seems, somehow, a little worse than usual, for all we know of the great contest of this year is that it will take place, and that it will be a desperate struggle. On what lines it is to be fought no man knows. There is one issue before the country, and the two parties are equally afraid of accepting it. They both speak of it with gingerly, courtier-like phrases; they try to conceal its real significance from the people; and neither one knows what to do with it. There it lies—a strange new weapon—perhaps it will break at the first blow—perhaps it will win the fight. Who will take it up?

Neither party, apparently, until one or the other is forced to. Let us remember, dear friends, that this is Leap-Year. The world does not much avail itself of the social privileges of this season; but in our political system Leap-Year may suddenly take on a new significance. Tariff Reform might be likened to a maiden whose father's wealth is more or less problematical. The aged gentleman may be worth a choice collection of modern American coins—there are a good many numismatologists collecting that style of currency—or he may be worth nothing. The young lady's market-value is therefore doubtful. Her interested wooers hesitate. They are lavish of honeyed phrases; they praise her charms, they admire her virtues, they are pinks of courtesy—but, somehow or other, they don't propose.

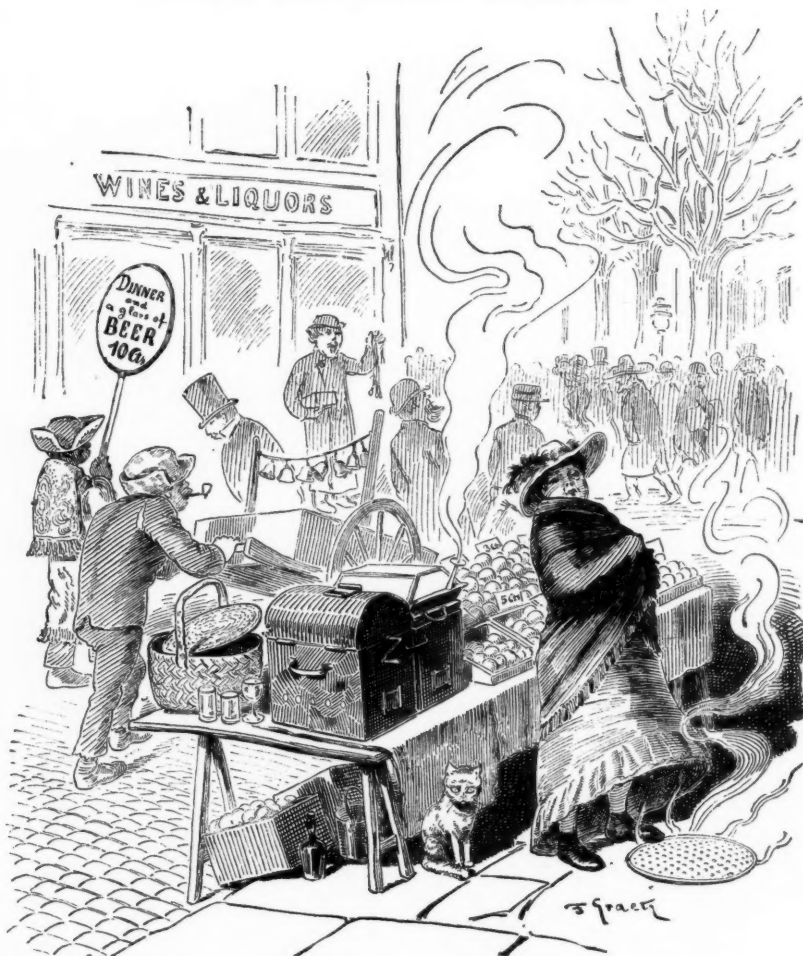
But there be maidens who will be married, and who are not willing to wait until their admirers have become assured of their fathers' commercial standing. Perhaps such girls deserve a more disinterested affection; but let that pass. They are not apt to get it, in this degenerate age. At any rate, if they are bound to get married, married they will be, sooner or later. And we should not be surprised if, after the two suitors have paltered and parleyed long enough, and exhausted the maiden's patience, Miss Tariff Reform quietly took the conduct of affairs into her own hands, availed herself of the grand quadrennial prerogative of her sex, and made one or the other of the parties accept her, willy nilly. And, somehow, we are inclined to think that the chosen party will be the lucky party.

The Roman Catholic Church never sleeps. It pursues the even tenor of the way it has marked out for itself, never allowing an opportunity to pass of strengthening its already commanding position. It does not bow its head willingly to laws that are calculated to lessen its influence; but it appears to do so, only to wait until it sees the chance of neutralizing that which may be adverse to it. In countries where Catholicism is not the prevailing religion, the Romish Church handles its weapons delicately and with gloved hands. It will use its strength only when it is certain that its blow will be effectual. It will not try to excite hostility where it feels itself weak. The study of the history of the Church will show that this has invariably been its practice. It is humble only when it can gain its ends by remaining so.

It is these characteristic qualities, these soft, suave methods that render it so dangerous an institution. There is one thing, however, in which it has shown, we may say, commendable consistency. If a religious system is to be preserved, there must be some consistency, and in its uncompromising opposition to our public schools the Church has not been recreant to its principles. It recognizes no distinction between civil and religious government. That is to say, a true Roman Catholic owes allegiance to the Pope, who is a foreign potentate. This is why a consistent Catholic can not be a perfect American citizen, who owes allegiance to no man—to nothing save his country.

Sophistry may be used to overcome this argument, but the obvious fact remains nevertheless. No other denomination makes the same pretensions. No other denomination finds fault with the public schools. It remains for the Romish Church to set itself up in defiance of the great body of the people who are not Roman Catholics. There is no prejudice on the part of this paper against any system of religion, provided it does not fly in the face of what is generally accepted by all mankind as morality. The mere religious exercises of Catholicism are harmless enough in themselves; but as they are, as we have shown, inseparable from questions of civil government, it behooves Americans to keep a watchful eye on the pretensions of the Church, and above all not to allow our secular public schools to be tampered with by prelates or priests of any denomination.

## NO CHARTER NEEDED.



THE GREAT AMERICAN APPLE-WOMAN SOLVES THE QUESTION OF STEAM-HEAT IN THE STREET WITHOUT ORGANIZING A COMPANY.



# PUCK'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

In accordance with our usual custom of filling all the long-felt wants we find lying around loose, we this week start a "Household Department," after the manner of our Esteemed but Out-of-Town Contemporaries. Correspondence is cordially invited. It will be observed that we have already a few starters. These were obtained by private drumming, and are strictly genuine. The Household Department will be entitled

## "AUNTY PHATT'S LETTER-BOX."

"Mamie" writes from Kalamazoo, Mich.:

"I am a young wife—just twenty-one. You would take me for eighteen, to look at me, and John says sometimes he thinks I am about thirteen. Just now I am in great trouble, and I want dear, good old Aunty Phatt to help me out. I'm sure she is such a sweet old soul that she will do it. Baby has just got into the nice batter I have been making for John's buck-wheat-cakes, and I want to know how to cook the batter without injuring the baby. John thinks he should be baked slowly in a cold oven; but I am afraid that it might give him a chill. Won't some older mother give me a little advice on this subject?"

Mrs. J. S. writes from Skowhegan, Maine:

"Couldn't Aunty Phatt give me a receipt for freckles? I haven't been married very long, and I am always trying to think of nice new dishes to treat my dear hubby to. I'm sure he'd like some nice freckles, if I only knew how to cook them. He is so fond of crullers."

"Pussie," of Alton, O., writes:

"I am an awfully inexperienced young thing, and what I want to know is, do you think it is proper for a young man to call on me six nights in one week? Nobody has, yet; but I'm so afraid that somebody might, and then I shouldn't know what to do."

"P. S.—If he wore dude shoes, would it make any difference?"

Amy Aylmer, of Marmaduke, Iowa, writes:

"I should so like to print a poem in your magazine. Would you let me, if I wrote a real nice one? Only I don't know how to write on both sides of the paper at once. How do you editor people do it? It must be awfully difficult."

From Flint, Michigan, Mrs. Redie S. writes:

"I would like to know of a real good hair-dye—one with a pretty name. I don't want it for myself—I want it for baby. I'm so afraid his hair is coming out red, and we have named him Rupert Waldegrave, and red hair would be horrid, wouldn't it?"

"Pinkie Pomegranate," Tuscaloosa, Alabama, writes:

"What is a waffle-iron, and how do you use it, and will it really make the hair curl?"

"Miranda" writes from Leansboro, Illinois:

"There is a young gentleman friend of mine who has been coming to see me for seven years twice a week, and I have often thought that there was something serious in his attentions, and that he meant to keep company with me; but he has never said anything about it, and I have always felt a delicacy about broaching the subject myself. I am a shy girl, and I am afraid it might embarrass him. Besides, lately the terrible suspicion has come over me that he may be a bigamist, and have several wives in some other place. He has never done anything to give me this idea; but I don't understand why he is so careful and sort of backward, if he is not locking some terrible secret in his bosom. He has light curly hair and blue eyes. Do bigamists generally look like that? His father was a milkman; but he is in the tape department of Mr. Jimson's Emporium. Do tell me if you think he is a bigamist. Do you know of anything that will keep the hair from falling out? I have a Langtry wave that I paid seventy-five cents for in Peoria, and it is getting very thin, and coming out like a tooth-brush."

"Would you make up my new Surah silk à la princesse, or don't you think there's enough of it for an overskirt?"

## Puckings.

A LOVE-LETTER—L.

A SNOW-MAN—Charles Francis Adams.

A SLIPSHOD AFFAIR—The Banana-Skin.

LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX—Paddy Ryan.

"TO LEEWARD"—The Sea-sick Passenger.

MATTHEW ARNOLD on Emerson—Henry James on Matthew Arnold. We think the score is about even.

ICELAND HAS a female novelist called Torf-hildur Thornsteindottir Holm. Another blow at International Copyright.

It is all well enough to say that a man can't stand prosperity; but send along your prosperity, and we'll wager that we'll stand it for at least the regulation four rounds.

IF CESNOLA'S OWN account of himself may be believed, "he builded better than he knew." But it can not be truly said of him that "he touched nothing that he did not adorn."

OUR E. C. the *Commercial Advertiser* prints a short editorial which it calls "A Waste of Water." The only waste of water we know of is putting it into whiskey or putting it on a tramp.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that policemen be provided with umbrellas as well as rubber overcoats. If the umbrellas could be so made that they would answer for clubs, it would not be at all a bad scheme.

JOSEPH COOK asks: "Does Death end all?" Not much, Joe; Death does not end all by a large majority. The fun begins just about the time that the lawyers are called in to interpret the conditions of the will.

THE DEMOCRATIC claims to be the oldest party in the land, but we cannot understand the justice of this claim. The Democratic is really the infant party, inasmuch as it never seems to attain its majority.

VOLTAIRE SAYS: "All the reasonings of a man are not worth one sentiment of a woman." True, Volt, dear boy, especially when the sentiment happens to be the possession of a seal-skin sacque. Reasonings of a man are then worth about as much as an old lottery-ticket.

A MAN IN Liberty Street advertises that he wants to buy Old Gold. The young man in the third-story hall-bedroom back says that he has two neckties, a hat-band, a pair of suspenders and a lock of his best last-summer girl's hair, all of that once fashionable shade, which he would like to close out at cost price.

RECENTLY A MAN walked into an ice-cream saloon, and saw the proprietor in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest all open, and a straw hat pushed jauntily back on his head, and a palm-leaf fan in his hand.

"You look very summery," said the man.

"Yes," replied the proprietor: "I do this to make it seem like August. I leave the door open occasionally, too, and that attracts lovers in. In the back saloon I have landscapes painted on the wall, and an electric-light which gives everything a sort of 'meet-me-by-moon-light' appearance."

And then the proprietor handed out a box of vanilla cream, and the purchaser walked off, thinking of the various tricks of trade.

## JUDICIAL DECORUM IN JOYOUS DAKOTA.



HIS HONOR.—"Gentlemen, the Court having succeeded in partially restoring order, we will go on with the case!"

## UNPROTECTED INDUSTRIES.



LEFT OUT IN THE COLD BY THE REFORMERS.

## THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE DILATES UPON THE "AMERICAN HOG."

I see by foreign exchanges that the authorities in Europe and other parts of Germany have proscribed the American hog.

Well, I am not surprised.

And yet I am sorry, too. I thought we had got rid of the creature; but he is likely to return to us, just as we send back imbecile and impecunious immigrants to our own festive country.

So far as heard from, the hog is not a thing of beauty and a joy forever. As a rule, he is neither a credit to himself nor an ornament to society.

Possibly one reason why our hog does not find more favor abroad is because they have all the hog they want there already.

There is, however, a vast difference between the American and the European hog. The latter is very much as he was three, four, five thousand years ago. He is uncouth, uncultivated and unimproved. He hasn't even the merit of pinguity. His spleen is so abnormally developed that, eat what he will, he still remains the mere frame he was before.

The American hog is quite a different sort of animal. It is true he retains many of the swinish propensities that form the distinguishing characteristics of the beast, but he is a long step in advance of his European prototype in culture, adipose tissue and native grace. What he eats seems to do him good. He likes swill as he does the apple of his eye, and he takes it with an abiding relish that does one good to see; and it puts meat on him, too, every time. In short, the swillier the swill, the hoggier the hog.

In view of these incontrovertible facts, it puzzles me to understand how our foreign cousins across the water can be so blind to the æsthetic beauties of our American hog.

Looking at the matter from my standpoint, I regard it as an insult to our flag; and I marvelously wonder that Messrs. Robinson, Cox & Co., those ever-watchful members of Congress, who are always on the *qui vive* for national insults, and ready and willing to resent them, to the extent of making a speech and shaking their clenched fists in the imaginary face of the "Bri'sh li'n," haven't had anything to say on this subject as yet.

I don't, for a single moment, want to have it understood, or thought, or imagined that I have any inordinate affection for the hog. On the contrary he is my special aversion in all climes and under all circumstances. He always crowds himself in and gets the best places. He walks into the ladies' cabins on the ferry-boats,

and takes the seats that should be appropriated to the ladies. He snaps up the best things everywhere, and keeps every one else at bay.

But when the foreign Europeans strike at my hog, they strike at home, at liberty—at me country's home and me country's flag. It stirs up all the American blood that courses through my veins, and I feel as though I could tear the crowned despots limb from limb, for the insults they heap upon me native land and the gallowious old stripes and stars that proudly still wave over the land of the brave and the home of the American hog.

I call on Congress to demand an explanation from those foreign nations that have insulted our hog for their inexplicable conduct; and if they do not give it at once, to declare war!—war to the hilt, with all its horrors and imperious consequences!

Take no trichinosis excuse. That is a mere pretense—a sham too diaphanous for ordinary human credence. Let us know the true cause of this insolent indignity to our fair name, our country's honor and our hog, or let us have gore—gory gore! goar, gowr, ghóre, ghoare!

Yours inflexibly,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

## BALLADE OF THE ENGAGED YOUNG MAN.

Oh, I am engaged to be married now,  
And fondly dream of the happy day  
When orange-blossoms shall deck her brow.  
She's fixed the date for the month of May;  
And yet to myself I softly say,  
As her holiday presents go ding-a-ling  
On the jeweler's flashing crystal tray:  
"I wish I had put it off till spring!"

As a prince I am merry all allow;  
I'm like a bird in the hawthorn spray,  
Or a clam when the tide is high, I vow,  
Or a child with his latest toy at play.  
Yet I have to think, as I coolly lay  
My earnings down to hear Patti sing:  
"Though my lady's an angel in every way,  
I wish I had put it off till spring!"

I dance and I romp and I wonder how  
I should ever be happy or blithe or gay,  
Did not Love with his sweets my heart endow—  
(He endowed when she said she'd be mine for aye).  
Yet when roses I get, or the bright coupé,  
And down to the Charity Ball we wing,  
I fancy of sense I have not a ray,  
And wish I had put it off till spring!

ENVOI.

Young man, I am neither old nor gray;  
But I can inform you of just one thing:  
You'll chant, if you get her December "Yea":  
"I wish I had put it off till spring!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## EXUDATIONS FROM OUR E. C.S.

THE *Evening Post*, in referring to a charge of smuggling made against a passenger on a steamer from Europe, says: "It is reported that an attempt was made to bribe the customs examiner." The *Evening Post* shows levity in the treatment of so serious a matter. Who ever heard of a customs examiner being bribed? We cannot imagine punishment sufficiently severe for any one who would be rash enough to make the attempt. Customs examiners are proverbially incorruptible. Not infrequently they brain on the spot persons who hint at a possible departure from their inflexibly just and upright standard. They won't take money any more than will the waiter at a restaurant. All the same, though, a five-dollar bill deftly transferred to the examiner's fingers will do much to lessen the friction during the inspection of baggage on the pier.

OUR E. C. *The Continent* prints an article called "Tenants of an Old Farm," in which crickets, beetles, grasshoppers and other interesting ruralites are caused to masquerade about the premises in ulsters, plug-hats, etc. The whole thing is familiar to us, and carries us back to the old days when we wandered through orchards, and rested our weary limbs by the violet marge of the babbling brook. But with all due deference to the artist and his fidelity to the subject, we must say that we feel a little disappointed in the pageant, because of its incompleteness. The insects all seem to be there; but where in the Lower California is the old mortgage that used to sport around in full-dress and crush-hat, and look as independent as a Tammany Alderman, while it put on heaps more style than a "gent's furnishing" clerk at a fireman's ball?

OUR E. C. *Good Cheer* says that "A noiseless way of feeding a coal-fire is to put a shovelful of coal in a paper bag; prepare a half-dozen bags at a time; use one or more as needed, and thus the noise and dust generally accompanying the usual mode of replenishing a fire will be avoided." Now we should like to have a noiseless method of pouring the coal into the bag. It must be splendid fun shoveling coal into a paper bag in a dark cellar where every once in a while you smash your head on a beam or a pendulous ham, or fall over a reclining barrel and land on a lot of stone jars. We think we would rather stand the noise of throwing the coal on the fire, by a large majority. When we get so that we can not stand that noise, and must have the coal put on without making a sound, we shall lift it from the scuttle one grain at a time, with a pair of gold, diamond-studded pincers, and lay it gently and softly on the flames.



# THE HUMORIST'S WILL.

The will of Everard Tennyson Maguire, No. — Fifth Avenue, Literary Acrobat:

I.—I give and devise to Gladys Bridget, my beloved wife, the use for her life of the palatial mansion and all lands connected therewith occupied by us as a residence.

II.—I further give and bequeath to my said wife all the ebony furniture, *bric-à-brac*, Smyrna rugs, horses and carriages belonging to me and being about said premises at my death, and not herein otherwise given.

III.—I further give to my said wife the sum of ten million dollars, to be paid immediately after my death.

IV.—I give to my son Robert Browning Maguire, who desires to continue my acrobatic business, my "sit" on the New York — which I may occupy at the time of my death, together with my drab duster and straw hat worn by me while in action; also, all my fixtures, to wit: One Bent Pin; one Goat; one Tall Thin Man; one Cake of Soap and Stairway; one Hat with Brick under it; one Set of Stove-Pipes; one Custard-Pie; one Pair of Lavender "Pants"; one Small Boy; one Slippery Walk; one Banana-Skin; one Woman Fighting Fire with Kerosene; one Dog with Kettle on his Tail; one Set of Ardent Lovers, with Moonlight Scene and Ice-Cream; one Iceman; one Plumber; and one Cat on Back Yard Fence. And also the good will, right and title to each and every sign, label or trade-mark connected with same.

V.—I give to the United Presbyterian Church

one Oyster—the celebrated oyster used in my solitaire church-fair oyster-stew articles.

VI.—I appoint Marlowe Bradkins, advertising-agent of the New York —, to be executor of this my will. And I direct that he shall be required to give security for the performance of the trust.

In witness whereof, I, Everard Tennyson Maguire, have to this my will subscribed my name, this 14th day of January, 1884.  
EVERARD TENNYSON MAGUIRE.

Subscribed by the testator in our presence, and declared by him to us to be his last will and testament, whereupon we, at his request, have signed our names as witnesses, this 14th day of January, 1884.

JONES McMANUS, 24 Baxter Street.  
STUYVESANT LE ROY, 44 Madison Ave.

A THRESHING-MACHINE — The School-Teacher

OUR E. C. *Good Cheer* says that an ordinary piece of joist as thick as a common brick heated in the oven will keep you warm in a sleigh for several hours. We don't know why it should be necessary to have the stick so thick, as the office-boy states that he was once warmed with a stick not much thicker than a lead-pencil, that the stick was not previously warmed in the oven, that it kept him warm for a week, and that he thinks it made him dance about one hundred and fifty miles or more.

# THE SABBATH SUPPER CHIME.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSE AT 4:30 P. M., SUNDAY.

Two swift-winged hours will bring the time  
When sounds the Sabbath supper chime,  
And I'll desert my easy nest  
To reach the board before the rest—  
To reach the board so white and neat,  
That I may something have to eat.

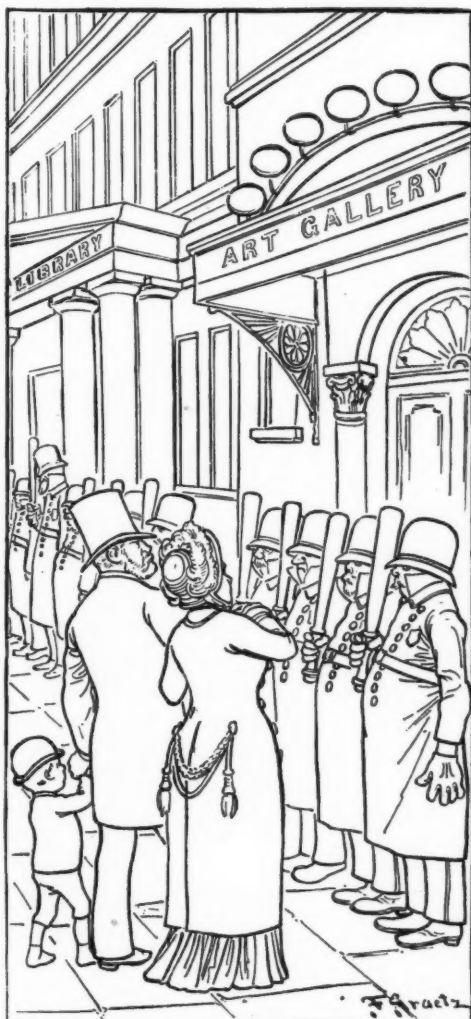
I know just what the feast will be:  
Some bread cut thin, and weakly tea,  
Some cheap and highly-colored jam,  
Some slices of transparent ham,  
Some Gorgonzola—Jersey make—  
Some tiny bits of frosted cake.

The napery will be as white  
As all the silverware is bright;  
The cups and saucers, fragile, thin,  
Would suit a capacious mandarin;  
And then the waiter, black as night,  
Will be both constant and polite.

To cheer the fond æsthetic heart,  
The boarders will converse on Art,  
The Drama, Music, Poesy  
And Politics to-night at tea;  
And Clara Vere de Vere will chat  
About the latest Paris hat.

A good meal makes a merrier heart  
Than all your high æsthetic art.  
When one is hungry, frescoed walls  
Can't take the place of codfish-balls;  
No substitutes are painted screens  
And porcelain for pork-and-beans:  
A banquet may be all that's sweet,  
Even though all be incomplete  
That's alien to the things to eat.

# SENSE AND SABBATARIANISM.



The Respectable Have a Hard Time of It on Sunday—

But the Dissolute Make Out Pretty Comfortably.

## THE CHINESE GOD.



PRESUME that I shall not be accused of sacrilege in referring to the Chinese god as an inferior work of art. Viewed simply from an artistic and economical standpoint, it seems to me that the Chinaman should have less pride in his bow-legged and inefficient god than in any other national institution.

I do not wish to be understood as interfering with any man's religious views; but when polygamy is made a divine decree, or a bass-wood deity is whittled out

and painted red, to look up to and to worship, I cannot treat that so-called religious belief with courtesy and reverence. I am quite liberal in all religious matters. People have noticed that and remarked it, but the Oriental god of commerce seems to me to be greatly over-rated. He seems to lack that genuine decision of character which should be a feature of an over-ruling power.

I ask the phrenologist to come with me and examine the head of the alleged Josh, and to state whether or not he believes that the properly balanced head of a successful god should not have a more protuberant knob of Spirituality, and a less pronounced Alimentiveness. Should the bump of Combativeness hang out over the ear, while Time, Tune and Calculation are noticeably reticent? I certainly wot not.

Again, how can the physiognomy of the Celestial Josh be consistent with a moral and temperate god? The low brow would not indicate a pronounced omniscience, and the Jumbo ears and the copious neck would not impress me with the idea of purity and spirituality.

It is, no doubt, wrong to attack sacred matters for the purpose of gaining notoriety; but I believe I am right when I assert that the Chinese god must go. We should not be Puritanical, but we might safely draw the line at the bow-legged and sedentary goddess of leprousy.

If Confucius bowed the suppliant knee to that goggle-eyed jim-jam Josh, I am grieved to know it. If such was the case, the friends of Confucius should keep the matter from me. I cannot believe that the great philosopher wallowed in the dust at the feet

of such a polka-dot caricature of a gorilla's horrid dream.

I bought a Chinese god once for four bits. He was not successful in the profession which he aimed to follow. Whatever he may have been in China, he was not a very successful god in the English language. I

put him upon the mantel, and the clock stopped, the servant-girl sent in her resignation, and a large dog jumped through the parlor-window. All this happened within two hours from the time I erected the lop-eared, knock-kneed and club-footed Oolong in my household.

Perhaps this may have been largely due to my ignorance of his habits. Possibly if I had been more familiar with his eccentricities it would have been all right; but as it was, there was no book of instructions given with him, and I couldn't seem to make him work.

During the week following, the prospect shaft of the New Jerusalem mine struck a subterranean gulf-stream and water-logged the stock, a tall yellow dog, under the weight of a great woe, picked out my cistern to suicide in, and I skated down the cellar-stairs on my shoulder-blades and the phrenological location known as Love of Home in

such a terrible manner as to jar the foundations of the earth and kick a large hole out of the bosom of the night.

I then met with a change of heart, and overthrew the warty heathen god, and knocked him galley west. My hens at once began to watch the produce market, and, noticing the high price of eggs, commenced to orate with great zeal instead of standing around with their hands in their pockets. I saw the new moon over my right shoulder, and all nature seemed gay once more.

The above are a few of my reasons for believing that the Chinese god is either greatly over-estimated, or else shippers and producers are flooding the market with fraudulent gods.

BILL NYE.



## THE WAIL OF THE SEAL.

A LAMENTATION WITH AN EXPLANATION ATTACHED.



Why do I weep and wail, and rend the air with my wailing?  
Splitting the icebergs in two with the roar of my baritone thunder?  
Why do I whoop it up to the lonely and sorrowful walrus?  
Why do I bore the gulls with persistent and pitiful moaning?  
Why do I make these solitudes still more unpleasant and mournful?  
Why do I toot away like a fog-horn afflicted with colic?  
Why do my hapless eyes with constant and lachrymose currents  
Fill the o'erflowing sea with wholly superfluous saline?  
Why do I snivel and snort with never a handkerchief near me?  
Why do I fill with gloom an atmosphere never too cheerful?  
Is it because I wail for the frozen Arctic explorers,  
Crushed in contractors' ships in the jaws of the terrible ice-floes?  
Is it because I grieve that the flicker of yonder aurora  
Is not so bright as it was in the days of my youth now departed?  
Is it because I am pained to hear that the great Matthew Arnold  
Doesn't consider Emerson any especial potatoes?  
No, it is not for this, nor for any of these things mentioned—  
Strange is the source of my grief, and very much deeper-seated—  
Little I cared when my pelt was taken for genuine seal skin,  
Decking the lovely frame of dear and adorable woman—  
But I arise and kick—kick with the kick of the kickful—  
At seeing a bogus article sold upon my reputation.  
Yes, I arise and kick when a counterfeit ulster is peddled—  
Peddled at half-a-thou—for people will think I am bogus.

A. H. OAKES.





## Answers for the Anxious.

S. R. S.—We will inquire.  
PEACHAM G.—We don't know—send it along.  
HIRAM JOHNSON, Washington, D. C.—Yes, there is a chance for a correspondent in Washington; but you haven't got that chance. You've a style of humor that would carve up into coffin-boards; but hasn't much value in any other line.

S. J. T.—It was a balmy summer's day in Egypt. The warm breeze from the desert swept through the pillars of Karnac, and tossed the raven curls of Shushan B'Ntoni, the seventh fiancée of Ptolomeneus III., as she sat at the feet of the statue of Osiris, and listened to her royal lover singing love-songs at her feet. Silently the great orb of day pursued his passage across the mighty dome of blue, unflecked by any cloud. No sound disturbed the sacred stillness save the low notes of love, breathed to the tender accompaniment of a lute. Even the birds were hushed; and ere long the royal suppliant ceased his song, and there began between the two the sweet and desultory conversation of reciprocal affection. Suddenly, however, the fair maiden arose, disengaged her hand from her lover's, and with stern and haughty steps and averted glance strode away. He had told her the joke you have just sent us, and she resented his familiarity with age.

## HERALD ENTERPRISE.

For the benefit of those who do not understand English, the *Herald* correspondent at Rome telegraphs to New York a Latin letter written by His Holiness the Pope, in which he graciously approves and blesses the scheme for the erection of a church in Ireland in memory of O'Connell.

The *Herald's* Latin is a little shaky, and has become twisted in transmission, so we lay before our readers our version of the letter, as cabled by our Roman correspondent:

LOCUM TENENS, 1 Januarii, 1884.

Multum in parvo a fortiori lex talionis nunquam animus e pluribus unum prima facie otium cum dignitate ad nauseam ex parte ad valorem vade mecum peccavi vox populi veni vidi vici per diem pater familias hic jacet et cetera ex post facto.

LEO PP. XIII.

The difference between our Latin and that of the *Herald* is that most people will be able to read and understand it at sight.

Last year the Government reduced letter-postage from three to two cents. This is a matter of history. Now, why does any Government reduce the price of any commodity?

The natural answer is, because it finds it can not otherwise dispose of that commodity.

If it could keep the price of that commodity up, would it not be a compliment to the virtues of the article offered?

It would, and in a very high degree. This is why we beg leave to state that

### PUCK'S ANNUAL.

for 1884 will be out in the course of a few days. The price of this popular literary gem is but twenty-five cents. It has always been twenty-five cents, and its readers have always found it to be such a rare and hilarious old treat that its publishers have never thought of reducing its price, and have respectfully declined to listen to the complimentary entreaty of the Czar of Russia to raise the price to fifty cents, assuring them that this unique volume is worth that price, and more, too.

The Government may reduce the rate of postage, and the weight of David Davis, that he may fit the Presidential chair when he gets a chance to sit in it; but nothing can reduce the price of

### PUCK'S ANNUAL,

which will be out the latter part of this week, and will be dispensed by every news-dealer in the land, for the virtuous sum of twenty-five cents.

## EDUARD LASKER.

JANUARY 4TH, 1884.

Dead is the man before whom Prince and Peer  
And Council quailed in ill-concealed fear.

With scornful lip and proud unbending knee,  
Tyranny's soul yet owned his mastery.

On him no king his bauble-honors thrust—  
His the high glory of the People's trust.

Dead now! and Truth unchampioned may weep,  
And Falsehood feign security of sleep—

Dead—nay, not dead his memory of might,  
Clothed in the simple sovereignty of Right!

## THE PAINTER'S QUANDARY.

An Unnecessary Exercise of Intellect.



What shall I paint? The moments fly;  
The Exhibition nears—  
And yet no frenzy fires my eye,  
No dream my fancy cheers.

Oh, shall I paint a "Sunset" red?  
Or paint a "Sea-mist" gray?  
Or picture "Cleopatra Dead"?  
Or do up "Old Dog Tray"?

Or shall I limn a "Drinking Scene"  
Of mediæval times?  
Or "Bridget versus Kerosene"—  
A theme for comic rhymes?

I might design a "Shawangunk Hills,"  
With Autumn's red and gold—  
Or call my picture "Rippling Rills"—  
But that idea is old.

"Idea"? Well, though it may be faint,  
It never will be missed:  
It doesn't matter *what* I paint—  
I'm an Impressionist!

VERE DE VERE VANDYKE.

WE UNDERSTAND that a prominent firm of toy manufacturers has made an offer for the M. M. of A. collection of Cypriote antiquities, intending to wash them into unrelated parts and peddle sets of them as childrens' Chinese puzzles.

## A BUSINESS OFFER.

LURAY CAVERN, Va., }  
Jan. 14th, 1884. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wish to introduce myself to you as one who can, no doubt, greatly increase your circulation, and put many dollars in your pockets. You will recognize the fact that since the price of the newspapers has been reduced to two cents, it has been the effort of the proprietors to make their journals as readable as possible. In order to do this they have been obliged to resort to the dodge of printing a great deal of sensational matter.

Anything in the shape of arson or murder finds ready readers all over the land. Several months ago I was out of employment, and in need of money. I went to a paper and offered to go around the country and commit miscellaneous crime for a monetary consideration. The paper accepted, agreeing to give me either a salary or pay me a regular amount for every crime.

After I had been on the road for a month the paper wrote me, saying that my efforts were highly satisfactory; that the paper had been more lively and readable; that my salary had been raised, and that I must keep on in the good work.

I want you to understand that I am not confined to simple murdering. I can do arson and other things. In the Fall I burn forests; and then in the winter, when everything is dull, I go to killing. This causes the paper to be read by criminals to such an extent that it finds no difficulty in securing the advertisements of pistol-dealers and the manufacturers of burglars' paraphernalia.

Occasionally I fire a theatre on a Sunday, when there is no one around, and I am quite an adept in kidnapping, and can get you up a little lost-child mystery that will boom your paper away up to the skies. I am making a careful study of this thing, and can recommend myself to you as a thoroughly competent and conscientious workman. I am now in the employ of six papers, and would like to do a little for you on reasonable terms.

It will soon be balmy spring, and it will then be time for the defunct tramp to be found as the snow melts away. And then will come the summer, when I intend to burn some sea-side palaces, and hang men to trees in a way that will lead their friends and the public to wonder why in the world they ever committed suicide.

I have a comprehensive map of my route and movements for the coming season under consideration, and when it is finished I shall take great pleasure in forwarding a copy to you.

Trusting that my proposition may meet your views and elicit an early reply, I remain,

Very truly yours,

BENDER MALONE.

POSTSCRIPT.—Private murdering a specialty. All contracts carried out with neatness and dispatch. B. M.

## MORE BALL.

The Old Guard, on Thursday night last, at the Metropolitan Opera House, neither surrendered nor died; but the members of the organization busied themselves in entertaining their host of guests in the most approved military style. The new house has proved itself well fitted for "hop" purposes. The cold effect of the interior of the building, which made it more frigid than Charity itself at the Charity Ball, had disappeared like a margin in Wall Street, and flags, banners, drums, streamers and other war-like insignia fluttered from the roof of the building and the boxes, giving a warm tone to all the gala scene beneath. The military were represented by more or less martial heroes, some of whom came from Charleston to take part in the festivities. The Metropolitan Opera House never looked so brilliant. Mr. Charles Chamberlain, jr., took charge of the various arrangements in a way that would have gained him a nomination for Governor or President, if Presidencies and Governorships were the rewards for such services.









## DO PLANTS THINK?

Professor Riley, whose specialty is Entomology, and who is now, or was recently, an ornament of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, has asked the question: "Do Plants Think?"

We have given the subject much consideration, and have come to the conclusion that they do a powerful lot more thinking than the world gives them credit for.

For instance, the swell, when he enters the establishment of the florist to buy a corsage-bouquet for his lady-love, and gets Jacqueminot roses, might, if his hearing were acute enough, have his tympani tickled with such remarks as these:

"Well, ain't you a sweet pill to have us taken out of our comfortable ice-bed? And for whom do you want us? What kind of a girl is it? Dare say she is a scraggy blonde with a freckled face and her bones sticking out like the ribs of a wrecked umbrella. Wonder how you raised the money to pay seventy-five cents apiece for us? Now, if the young woman is a pretty brunette, and red roses suit her style, we've nothing more to say. We'll try to look our best when she fastens us to her waist. But no such luck. You're a swell, and have no idea of taste, and all our beauty will be wasted on any one of your choice; but you've got us where our stems are short, and we can't help ourselves."

Then imagine the thoughts of the lettuce when it is being made into a salad at a cheap restaurant.

"I don't object to being eaten. I know I'm grown for that purpose—it has been the business of our family; but I don't want rank cottonseed-oil poured over me as a substitute for the best olive article. When this is being done, I feel disgraced and humiliated."

There must be also a strong sense of humor left in some plants, even when all their native freshness has been dried or squeezed out of them. You can almost hear the subdued laughter of a five-cent cigar while it is being smoked by a young man who imagines he is enjoying a genuine Havana.

"If you only knew," the cigar will think to itself: "You paid thirty cents for me. I'm not worth five cents. I was not even manufactured in Connecticut. I am made of pure Long Island old cabbage-leaves. Perhaps it is better to be smoked by you than to be served up with corned-beef on Saturday in a boarding-house."

But it is when plants are in their native wilds that they think more freely. Indeed, they have been known to talk and to carry on long conversations, sometimes winding up in blows. Small flowers often show a prodigious amount of pluck. A daisy that grew near a pine annoyed the larger vegetable production by the airs it gave itself. At last the pine could stand it no longer.

"You miserable little creature, if you don't cease mocking me, I'll haul you out of the ground!"

"Don't," returned the daisy, putting its finger to its nose: "you might hurt yourself. Why might you hurt yourself? Why, because you can not reach me."

"Can't, eh?" retorted the pine, bending

down in the direction of the conceited little flower as low as it conveniently could and the wind would permit it: "What's the use of you, anyway? You ain't any value at all. A florist wouldn't give five cents for a ton of you."

"I like that, I do. You're burnt up as soon as you're turned into timber, and if you are not burned, you're made into coffins and put under ground to rot—ha! ha!—while nice little children gather me, and sometimes a pretty blue-eyed damsel kisses me and sticks me in the body of her dress, and—"

At this moment a Vassar girl, with spectacles and a red ribbon around her hat, on a botanizing expedition in the White Mountains, plucked the daisy and cut short its remarks.

## FREE LUNCH.

PARLOR-MATCHES—See the Engagement Column of any Society Paper.

IT is amusing to see a lady take out her face-powder, the morning after a ball, to sprinkle on her white silk dress, to cover the mud that the hackman left on her train when he stepped on it.

A LAMB MAY jump through the air and land on a smooth, sharp decline of rock, and remain there as though nailed down. But very often the dead level of Wall Street is too slippery for him.

SOME SWEET SINGER writes:

Once I lived in Dakota  
With my sister Maria;  
But now I'm in Minnesota  
A-shaking with malaria.

WHEN YOU live in a boarding-house, and see fit to have wine for your dinner, always make it a point to drink every drop in the bottle before leaving. This will in a measure make you more light-hearted, and keep the servants temperate.

THE POLICEMAN down the street

Goes at a merry gait—  
When the bar-tender calls him in for a treat  
He hasn't the time to wait.

And the slippery walk he knows,  
With its awful sparkle and shine,  
As along the same he suddenly goes  
Floating upon his spine.

## A GRAVE REQUEST.



MRS. MURPHY.—"Och, it's awful, ther paypal what's buried aloive! If I be living whin I'm dead, Pat, don't be afther burying me aloive!"

## ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

Washington, January 15th, 1884.

Our special correspondent at Washington is very busy just now; but he has time to send us a list of a number of bills that have been, or are about to be, introduced into Congress. Among them are the following:

By MR. KELLEY.—A bill for establishing additional protection. In introducing it, Mr. Kelley said that while he had not as much to say about pig-iron as in the palmy days of yore, he still was faithful to his old love. A most alarming instance of the infamy and demoralizing character of free trade had recently come under his notice. It ought to bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every honest man. It almost made him shudder to relate it. An Englishman who came over in a Cunard steamer had been allowed to bring with him an article which can be just as well produced in this country. He not only was permitted to bring it, but there was no attempt to levy duty. It was a stale ham-sandwich, which the Englishman had bought at the Northwestern Railway Station, in Liverpool, England, and had put in his ulster-pocket, its existence escaping his memory until he set foot on the steamer-pier. Now, such a thing as that is an insult to the intelligence of the people. Everybody knew, or ought to have known, that this country produces hogs. From hogs hams in large quantities are constructed. From hams no one will attempt to deny that sandwiches are made. The refreshment-rooms in all railroad stations were crowded with them; so were restaurants; so were many free lunch counters throughout the country. Why, then, should the British railroad ham-sandwich be allowed to enter into competition with the home article? To allow a British sandwich to come in free of duty is a direct blow at pig-iron.

MR. RICHELIEU ROBINSON introduced a bill to annex Great Britain to the United States. It provides that the seat of the State Government shall be in Dublin, Ireland, and that none but Irishmen shall be members of the State Legislature. Other provisions of the bill are that Queen Victoria is to be imprisoned in Sing Sing for life, with a pension of five dollars a year; that the Prince of Wales be appointed a policeman on the Brooklyn Bridge, at a salary of two dollars a day, in consideration of his surrender of all right and title to the throne of Great Britain. Englishmen and Scotchmen are not to be allowed to land in the United States without paying to the Irish Whiskey and Fenian Fund five thousand dollars a head.

By MR. S. S. COX.—A bill insisting upon every inhabitant of the United States subscribing to PUCK, and especially purchasing PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884, which will be published in a few days; price, twenty-five cents. The penalty for non-compliance with the law to be banishment to Alaska.

By MR. PERRY BELMONT.—A bill for the suppression of James G. Blaine, Esquire, and perpetually disqualifying him from nomination for the Presidency.

By MR. W. S. HOLMAN.—A bill empowering the United States Government to sue a certain N. Y. paper for libel, for publishing a portrait of one William S. Holman, and thereby destroying entirely his chances as a candidate for the Presidency.

By MR. KEIFER.—A bill for fining the New York Sun five hundred dollars for each time it printed anything disrespectful regarding Mr. Keifer, and one thousand dollars for each time the phrases, "The Republican party must go" and "The Republican party ought to go" appeared in its columns.

By PUCK.—A bill for the general suppression of Aldermen, monopolists and frauds.



## A DANGEROUS PROCEEDING FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.



ANOTHER CASE OF "GROSS IGNORANCE."

## HINTS TO MOTHERS.

From time to time we have noticed in our exchanges little articles, or rather short strings of items called "Hints to Mothers."

After a time the recurrence of these bits of useful information lead us to read, in order to ascertain what mothers should do in certain cases, and these readings have led us to believe that we are the proper paper to point out to mothers — especially young mothers — some points which are the result of our observations.

If you detect your son telling the truth, don't fold him to your bosom and shed tears of joy. Get your husband to take him down behind the barn, where there is plenty of room to screech and dance, and hammer him with an osage-orange stick for an hour or two. The boy will never tell the truth after, and will therefore be eligible for the law or Congress when he grows up.

When your child is fretful, never give him a spool of thread to play with, because if the spool should be swallowed you would have a hard time in getting it out. Even if you could get hold of the end of the thread, it would only unwind, and keep unwinding when pulled. It would be safer to give the child a pair of scissors to play with, because scissors, as a general thing, are too large to swallow and too dull to cut.

Never allow your children to play blindman's buff on the stairway or window-sill.

Make it a point never to permit your son to fly his kite on the roof, play marbles on the railroad track, or to form a friendship for the cook, who is bound to affect a reciprocation to please you, and to illustrate that reciprocation by feeding the child all sorts of indigestible things between meals.

Never compel your boy to roll the baby around the streets in a perambulator, as the average Philadelphian would call it; because he is bound to have his attention distracted from the infant by a fight or a circus procession, and that may be rough on the infant.

When you present your son with a fishing-rod, give him a life-preserver also.

Always have your son taught to jump rope with his sister, for, as Omar Khayyám says, "he that jumpeth the rope well often dodgeth the gallows."

Never frown on your boy when he says he would like to go bare-footed. Let him go bare-footed. It will save you from buying him shoes, and it may be convenient to him when he grows up and becomes a poet, and has no boots, except those that he gets from the editor as he flies head-first down the stairway.

Never trust your child out of your sight with a nurse. Let the child go anywhere he pleases alone, but never let him out of your sight with a nurse.

The foregoing are merely a few suggestions that we have culled at random from the storehouse of our golden mind; and we think every young mother in the land should cut them out and paste them in her seventy-five dollar hat.

## BIZ.

"Len' me yer umbrella a minnit?"

It was the exclamation of Jones, as he rushed into the room where Grandfather Lickshingle was quietly dozing.

"Certainly, certainly," said Grandfather, rubbing his eyes: "glad to accommodate you," and he opened a drawer in his desk and began rummaging through some legal blanks.

Jones darted into the corner, seized the green gingham relic, and was preparing to fly with it.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said Grandfather, raising his hand: "not too fast, young man. Wait till I make out the necessary papers."

"The necessary papers?"

"Yes," said Grandfather: "the necessary papers," and he continued his search among the blanks.

The right one found, he filled it out and handed it to Jones to sign.

As Jones read the paper his knees knocked together. It was a mortgage on his house and lot as security that he would return the umbrella in good order within fifteen minutes. He faltered:

"Wh-why, Grandfather, I only wanted to

borrow your umbrella to run across the street with. I'll fetch it back in two seconds."

Grandfather shoved his spectacles up over his bald spot, until they formed two skylights in his intellectual roof, and looking Jones in the face, said:

"You only want to run across the street. You'll return it in two seconds. Young man, that's what they all say. Man wants but little here below, but when he wants his umbrella he wants it. I have known people in my time who have listened to the song of the siren who came to borrow umbrellas, until she has transformed them into a people without an umbrella between them and the pelting storms. I ain't one of that kind. I have lived a long time. I have accumulated a fortune. Why? For the reason that I have not spent my substance in buyin' umbrellas. That umbrella which you hold in your hand is certainly not an uncommon beauty, nor is it of great value. It is simply a gingham umbrella. A green one at that. But it answers the purpose. I have had it since I was a boy. Why? Because no man, neither the son of man, has ever taken it beyond the range of my vision without first signin' over his estate that he would return it in good condition. It may not seem neighborly, but it's business. Here is the mortgage; there is the umbrella; without beats the rain of heaven. Take your choice."

Jones thought of his wife and babies and the pleasant home that was all his own. Then he looked at the rain that was pounding at the door and windows as if to get in out of the wet. A glance at his new overcoat and Jones was decided.

"I'll risk it," he said, and, stepping to the desk with measured tread and slow, he clapped his name to the mortgage and was off with the umbrella.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

—Neither the pipe nor cigarette smoker can go wrong who chooses Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. It is the one absolutely pure tobacco; and then it has all the superb flavor and delicate fragrance of the Golden Belt leaf, possessed by no other tobacco in the world.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

GENTLEMEN in search of the best cigarette cannot do better than to try the new brand, "Sweet Bouquet."

A wise woman will remove a disfigurement of the skin rather than incur the displeasure of her husband.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamps, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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We are now prepared to supply subscribers and the trade in general with our handsome cases, in dark brown cloth and gilt, for binding Puck in regular book-form. This method enables subscribers to have their volumes bound in a uniform and economical manner, which are items worthy of consideration. These covers are finished, with regard to taste and durability, in a neat substantial style. Any bookbinder will bind your volume of Puck in one of our covers at a nominal price, thus forming a highly interesting humorous and satirical chronicle of the times, and an important acquisition to any library. The cases hold one volume (26 numbers), which we think the most serviceable size, and more convenient to handle than a book containing 52 numbers. Price 75 cents. By mail to any part of the U. S., \$1.00.

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FALL STYLES.

### A LEAP YEAR VISION.

Can I forget that winter night  
In eighteen eighty-four,  
When Nellie, charming little sprite,  
Came tapping at the door?  
"Good-evening, Miss," I, blushing, said,  
For in my heart I knew—  
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—  
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big red hand, and fell  
Adown upon her knees,  
And cried: "You know I love you well,  
So be my husband, please!"  
And then she swore she 'd ever be  
A tender wife and true—  
Ah, what delight it was to me  
That Nellie came to woo!

She 'd lace my shoes and darn my hose,  
And mend my shirts, she said;  
And grease my comely Roman nose  
Each night on going to bed;  
She 'd build the fires and fetch the coal,  
And split the kindling, too—  
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul  
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check  
To her advances rash,  
She twined her arms around my neck  
And toyed with my moustache;  
And then she pleaded for a kiss,  
While I—what could I do  
But coyly yield me to that bliss  
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear  
A gorgeous diamond ring,  
And I shall wed my lover fair  
Some time in gentle spring.  
I face my doom without a sigh—  
And so, forsooth, would you,  
If you loved as fond as I,  
And Nellie came to woo.

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

Angostura Bitters is known as the great regulator of the  
digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask  
your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by  
Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Wanted: PUCKS NUMBERS 1 to 81.

CHAPIN, 95 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the FARM,  
FIELD AND FIRESIDE, offering \$50,000 in presents to new sub-  
scribers. This publication ranks among the best and handsomest  
of family and agricultural papers, its proprietors are fully able to  
carry out any offer they may make. An award of forty thousand  
dollars was made in December to its subscribers, all of which was  
carried out, as shown by the names and addresses, in the adver-  
tisement, of some of the receivers.—Adv.

50 entirely New Chromo Cards, 1884, name on 10 cents.  
Prettiest ever sold. NASSAU CARD CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

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PRICES LOW in use at the Grand Conservatory of Music. TERM EASY.  
Warehouses: 26 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

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He then Disappeared within his Burrow to remark to himself that some Folks never did know when they were well off.

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"Hello! what's the Matter with you?" called the Coon.

"I am Pursued by a Dog, and I can't run a mile further! What shall I do?"

"My Advice is that you dive into your Burrow and escape him," said the Coon.

He then slowly Climbed to a limb and Remarkd to himself that a Fox who was Idiot Enough to Travel around the country Without carrying his Burrow on his back would sooner or later come to some Bad End.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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| 1 Columbia Bicycle.....                          | 100    | 3 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings.....                    | 400   |
| 5 Phonographs.....                               | 500    | 2500 Elegant Oleograph Pictures.....                     | 1200  |
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| 2 Village Carts.....                             | 200    | 400 Ladies' Breast Pins.....                             | 400   |
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All of the above presents will be awarded May 1st, in a fair and impartial manner by a committee of three responsible and reliable citizens of good character and standing where they reside. Persons living at a distance will have presents sent to them by mail, express or freight as may be required by the article awarded. **FREE DELIVERY.** The only condition is that you send us the regular subscription price for a yearly subscription and therefore "charge nothing for the presents." If you have failed to take advantage of our former offer you should not let this opportunity go by. We believe that you will like our paper so well that you will remain a regular subscriber, and say with others that you would not be without it for five times the cost. **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE.** Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us \$5 and we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for one year, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

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In the land of the olive and fig,  
I'd sit all the day on the trolle-lol-loo  
And play on the thingee-me-jig.  
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall,  
A what's-its-name's all that I crave—  
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,  
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave!  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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this paper but ONE TIME, hence require you to CUT IT OUT and send to us that we may know you are entitled to the BENEFIT OF THIS OFFER. Under no circumstances will we send more than two rings to any one family, but after you order and other rings are desired we will furnish 18 KARAT SOLID GOLD RINGS, at prices given in our illustrated Catalogue, ranging from \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. If you wish one ring send it advertisement and 72 cents; if you wish two rings, send this advertisement and \$1.44. If more than two rings are desired you must pay full price. To ascertain size of ring you wear, cut a piece of paper so it will just meet around the finger and send the slip to us. State kind of ring wanted, BAND or HALF ROUND, and engraving wished on inside. ALL RINGS ARE FORWARDED ON DAY ORDER IS RECEIVED. CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT and send to us before MARCH 1st, 1884. It is safe to send small amounts through the mails, or you can send by Money Order or Registered Letter. This offer will never be made again. For the readers of this paper, call or Address, THE STANDARD JEWELRY CO., 266 Broadway, New York City.

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- |   |  |
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| 1 House and Lot in New York City.....\$15,000   | 25 Gents' Solid Gold Silver Watches.....\$ 500                               |
| 1 U. S. Government Bond.....5,000               | 25 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches.....500  |
| 1 U. S. Bond of \$1,000.....5,000               | 10 Beautiful Solitaire Diamond Rings.....500                                 |
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| 10 27-Stop Cabinet Organs, \$100.....1,000      | 500 Ladies' and Gents' Pocket Knives.....500                                 |
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| 1 Brewster Road Wagon and Pole.....500          | 1000 U. S. Greenbacks, \$1 each.....1,000                                    |
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| 5 Gents' Elegant Solid Gold Watches.....500     |  |
| 10 Ladies' " " " ".....500                      |  |

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HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE Co.,  
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41 PARK ROW, New York, Dec. 28, 1883.  
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JNO. F. PHILLIPS & Co.

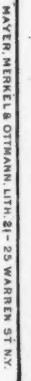
I admire your magazine very much; my children like to read it. It is pure in literature and refined in tone.  
J. H. McQUAID, Colville, Pa.

3 PARK ROW, New York, Jan. 2, 1884.  
It is as safe to send money to the HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE Co. as it is to bring it. I have no hesitancy in saying that they will do exactly as they agree, and everything will be as represented.  
E. DUNCAN SNIFFEN, Advertising Agent.

LEWISTON, Me., Dec. 24, 1883.  
I think the HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE the best dollar monthly in the country.  
J. B. CONSTANT.

Would consider it cheap at \$1.50 without presents.  
A. R. RAYMOND, East Saginaw, Mich.





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